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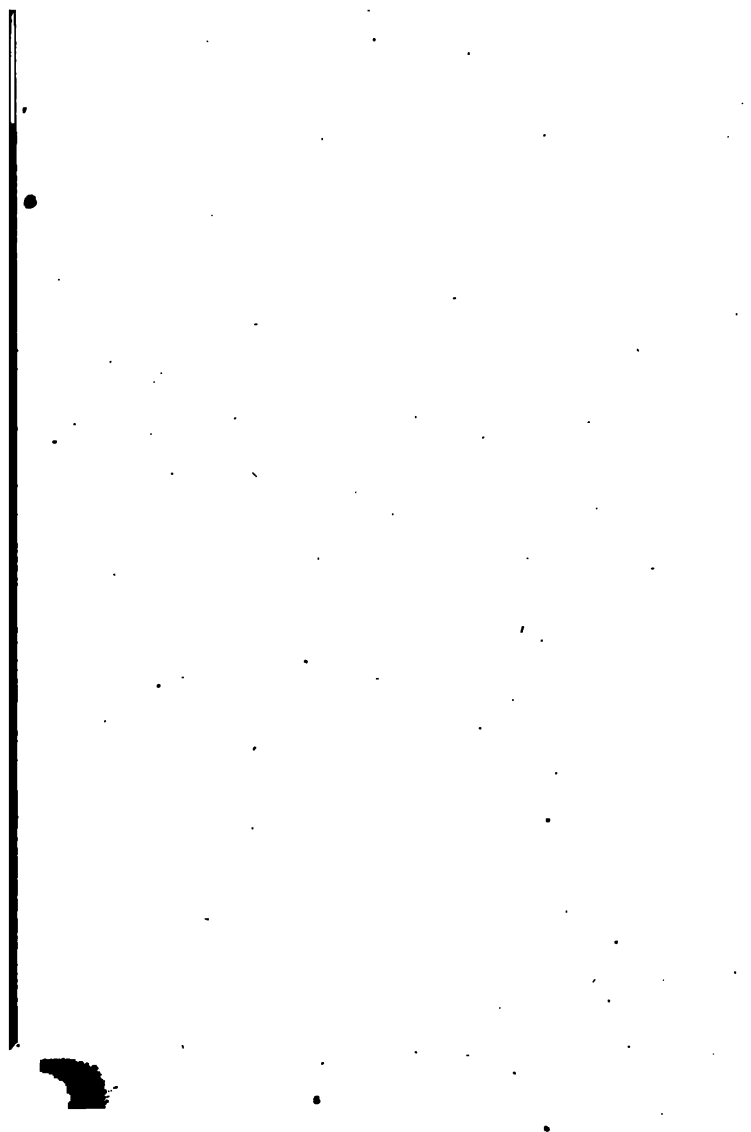
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Book of Familiar Quotations.

THE BOOK
OF
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

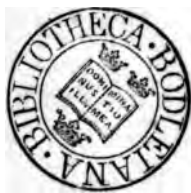
Being a Collection of
Popular Extracts and Aphorisms
from the

WORKS OF THE BEST AUTHORS.

Second Edition.

LONDON:
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1860.

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Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh.

To
DR. T. HERBERT BARKER,
OF BEDFORD,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS DEDICATED

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,
THE COMPILER.





P R E F A C E.



THE First Edition of the "Book of Familiar Quotations" was published in 1852, and was out of print in the space of a few months. It is now reprinted in a more extended form, and it is hoped that its utility is increased in proportion to its enlargement. A comprehensive Index is given, so that full facility for reference is afforded; and as the exact place in each author from whose works the extracts are made is indicated (except where the work itself is so brief as to render this needless), the reader will be able, without loss of time, to make reference to the context. That a book of this sort is needed, is evinced by the numerous errors in quoting constantly made by orators on the platform and in the pulpit, as well as by persons in ordinary conversation. It is not long since the compiler of this volume found considerable difficulty in convincing a person, well informed on most subjects, that no such line as "Off with his head

- —so much for Buckingham,” was to be found in the pages of Shakspeare ;—the fact of the line being Colley Cibber’s, and introduced only in the acting play of Richard the Third, is indeed by no means so generally known as it might be supposed to be.

Some of the extracts which follow scarcely come under the denomination of “Familiar Quotations,” strictly speaking : as illustrating this may be named some of the passages from Byron and Scott, as also the lines from a love song, in the modern taste, by Swift. These selected pieces, however, are, it is believed, all of a ~~salutary~~ character, and are frequently alluded to in the course of conversation and literary discussion.

- The compiler desires to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Murray, in placing some copyright portions of Lord Byron’s works at his disposal. Mr. Grocott of Liverpool too, himself the author of a useful book of “Quotations,” is thanked for some information he has very kindly furnished.



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Quotations from Shakspeare.



HAMLET.

For this relief much thanks. *Act 1. Scene 1.*

A little more than kin and less than kind.
 Act 1. Scene 2.

Hyperion to a satyr. *Ibid.*

Frailty thy name is woman. *Ibid.*

HAMLET. Methinks, I see my father.

HORATIO. Where, my lord ?

HAMLET. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

HAMLET. He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

Ibid.

A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Act 1. Scene 2.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Act 1. Scene 3.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for : There my blessing with you ;
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel : but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man :
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine own-self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

Act 1. Scene 3.

It is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

Act 1. Scene 4.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

Ibid.

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.

Ibid.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Ibid.

O, my prophetic soul ! my uncle !

Act 1.—Scene 5.

What a falling off was there !

Ibid.

My custom always of the afternoon.

Ibid.

Sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Ibid.

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Act 1. Scene 5.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Ibid.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Act 11. Scene 2.

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true.

Ibid.

Still harping on my daughter.

Ibid.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.

Ibid.

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason!
how infinite in faculties!—in form, and moving, how
express and admirable! in action, how like an angel!
in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the
world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what
is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no,
nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem
to say so.

Ibid.

Give us a taste of your quality.

Ibid.

They are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time.

Act 11. Scene 2.

Use every man after his desert, and

Who shall 'scape whipping ! *Ibid.*

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba ?

Ibid.

Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. *Ibid.*

The devil hath power

To assume a pleasing shape.

* * * * *

The play's the thing,

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Ibid.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—

No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end

The heart-ach and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep ;—

To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub :

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause : There's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. *Act III. Scene 1.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt
 not escape calumny. *Ibid.*

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 The observ'd of all observers. *Ibid.*

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

Act III. Scene I.

HAMLET. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : Pray you avoid it.

PLAYER. I warrant your honour.

HAMLET. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as t'were, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-

weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Act III. Scene 2.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. *Ibid.*

Here's metal more attractive. *Ibid.*

OPHELIA. 'Tis brief, my lord.
HAMLET. As woman's love. *Ibid.*

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.
Ibid.

O, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother !
Ibid.

Very like a whale. *Ibid.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.

Act iii. Scene 2.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

Ibid.

My offence is rank, it smells to heaven.

Act iii. Scene 3.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow :
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

Act iii. Scene 4.

O, shame ! where is thy blush ? *Ibid.*

A king of shreds and patches. *Ibid.*

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music : It is not madness,
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,

And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks.

Act III. Scene 4.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not. *Ibid.*

'Tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar.

Ibid.

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Act IV. Scene 3.

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

Act IV.—Scene 5.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Ibid.*

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. *Ibid.*

We must speak by the card,
Or equivocation will undo us.

Act V. Scene 1.

Alas ! poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that.

Act v. Scene 1.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Ibid.

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Act v. Scene 2.

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

Ibid.

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother. *Ibid.*

A hit, a very palpable hit. *Ibid.*

OTHELLO.

We cannot all be masters,
Nor all masters cannot be truly followed.

Act 1. Scene 1.

The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. *Act 1. Scene 3.*

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver. *Ibid.*

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances ;
Of moving accidents, by flood and field.
Ibid.

Put money in thy purse. *Ibid.*

I am nothing if not critical. *Act 11. Scene 1.*

She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.
Ibid.

O, most lame and impotent conclusion. *Ibid.*

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Act 11. Scene 3.

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking :
I could well wish courtesy would invent some other
custom of entertainment.

Act II. Scene 3.

Potations pottle deep. *Ibid.*

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar,
And give direction. *Ibid.*

The gravity and stillness of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. *Ibid.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine ! if thou hast no
name to be known by, let us call thee devil !
Ibid.

O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths,
to steal away their brains. *Ibid.*

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingre-
dient is a devil. *Ibid.*

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees ?
Ibid.

Men should be what they seem ;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none !

Act III. Scene 3.

Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse, steals trash : 'tis something,
nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Act III. Scene 3.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy ;
It is the green ey'd monster, which doth mock *
The meat it feeds on : That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !

Ibid.

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Ibid.*

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Ibid.

* Some commentators read, —“*make*
The meat it feeds on.”

O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner ; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

Act III. Scene 3.

'T is the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguiled by one.

Act IV. Scene 1.

They laugh that win.

Ibid.

She might lie by an emperor's side, and command
him tasks.

Ibid.

Alas ! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at.

Act IV. Scene 2.

O, heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold ;

And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world !

Act iv. Scene 2.

I have done the state some service, and they know it,
No more of that ; I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears, as fast as the Arabian trees,
Their medicinal gum.

Act v. Scene 2.

THE TEMPEST.

This swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

Act 1. Scene 2.

A very ancient and fish-like smell.

Act 11. Scene 2.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

Act II. Scene 2.

He that dies, pays all debts. *Act III. Scene 2.*

Our revels now are ended : These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind : We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.* *Act IV. Scene 1.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie :

* Few extracts from Shakspeare are more frequently quoted than these lines, addressed by Prospero to Ferdinand at the end of the Masque in the fourth Act, and it is a very unusual thing to find the quotation correctly given. Almost invariably, when using it, the speaker or writer says —

*And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind —*

thus confounding the first part of the speech with the conclusion ; often, too, the error is made more glaring by the use of the word *wreck* instead of rack.

There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily :
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Act v. Scene 1.

x

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Act II. Scene 2.

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues ;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Ibid.

The rankest compound of villanous smell, that
Ever offended nostril.

Act III. Scene 5.

Think of that Master Brook.

Ibid.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

Act IV. Scene 2.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour. *Act 1. Scene 1.*

Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there
shall be no more cakes and ale ?

Act 11. Scene 3.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are. *Act 11. Scene 4.*

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek ; she pin'd in thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief : was not this love, indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more ; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Ibid.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and
some have greatness thrust upon them.

Act II. Scene 5.

The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Act V. Scene I.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. *Act II. Scene 2.*

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. *Ibid.*

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. *Ibid.*

But man, proud man !
Dress'd in a little brief authority ;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,—

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep. *Act II. Scene 2.*

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Ibid.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. *Act III. Scene 1.*

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot :
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling ! — 't is too horrible !
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. *Act III. Scene 1.*

Take, oh ! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn ;

And those eyes the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn ;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain !

Act IV. Scene 1.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love.

Act II. Scene 1.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
To one thing constant never.

Act II. Scene 3.

Doth not the appetite alter ? A man loves the
meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age :
Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of
the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour ?
No : the world must be peopled. When I said I would
die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were
married.

Ibid.

They that touch pitch will be defiled.*

Act III. Scene 3.

Comparisons are odorous.†

Act III. Scene 5.

When the age is in, the wit is out. *Ibid.*

O, that he were here to write me ~~down~~—an ass.

Act IV. Scene 2.

For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the toothach patiently.

Act V. Scene 1.

* This expression occurs in the Apocrypha, Book of Ecclesiasticus, chap. xiii. verse 1 : — “ He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.”

† In a recent number of the *ATHENÆUM* a correspondent says—“ I have more than once noticed the phrase, ‘ comparisons are odorous ’ assigned to Mrs. Malaprop, and in order to prevent the recurrence of such an error, arising no doubt from the habit of taking authorities on trust, I beg the *ATHENÆUM* to state that the author of the phrase is one Dogberry, and that the phrase occurs in the 5th scene of the 3d Act of ‘ Much Ado about Nothing.’ At the same time, I may append Mrs. Malaprop’s words on the same subject—‘ No caparisons, if you please, Miss. Caparisons don’t become a young woman.’ ”

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Act 1. Scene 1.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear, by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth. *Ibid.*

BOTTOM. Let me play the lion too : I will roar,
that I will do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will
roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again,*
Let him roar again.

QUINCE. An you should do it too terribly, you
would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would
shriek ; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us every mother's son.

BOTTOM. I grant you, friends, if that you should
fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no
more discretion but to hang us ; but I will aggravate
my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any suck-
ing dove : I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

Act 1. Scene 2.

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day.

Ibid.

That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west ;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower—
Before, milk-white ; now, purple with love's wound—
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.

Act II. Scene 2.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth,
In forty minutes. *Ibid.*

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.

Ibid.

A lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing.

Act III. Scene 1.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation, and a name.

Act v. Scene 1.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Ibid.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

I have no other but a woman's reason ;
 I think him so, because I think him so.

Act 1. Scene 2.

Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all. *Ibid.*

Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Act 11. Scene 7.

Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
 Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces ;
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Act 111. Scene 1.

Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Act iv. Scene 1.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!

Act v. Scene 1.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

Act II. Scene 1.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and
stolen the scraps.

Act v. Scene 1.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

Act v. Scene 2.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.

Act 1. Scene 1.

Ships are but boards, sailors but men ; there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves ; I mean pirates ; and then there is the perils of waters, winds, and rocks.

Act 1. Scene 3.

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

Ibid.

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

Ibid.

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this ?

Ibid.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

Act 11. Scene 2.

Fast bind, fast find ;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

Act II. Scene 5.

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

Act II. Scene 6.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.

Act II. Scene 7.

Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs,
dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the
same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the
same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and
cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian
is ? If you prick us, do we not bleed ? If you tickle
us, do we not laugh ? If you poison us, do we not die ?
and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? If we are
like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that.

Act III. Scene 1.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?

Act III. Scene 2.



The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway.
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Act IV. Scene I.

A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel ! *Ibid.*

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Ibid.

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live. *Ibid.*

He is well paid, that is well satisfied. *Ibid.*

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted. *Act v. Scene 1.*

How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ibid.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

O, how full of briars is this working-day world !
Act 1. Scene 3.

Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
Act 11. Scene 1.

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age. *Act 11. Scene 2.*

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood. *Ibid.*

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good
and ill together. *Act 1v. Scene 3.*

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. *Act v. Scene 3.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females and their lords.
Act. 11. Scene 1.

He must have a long spoon that must eat with the
devil. *Act. 1v. Scene 3.*

MACBETH.

When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Act 1. Scene 1.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. *Act 1. Scene 3.*

What, can the devil speak true ?

Act 1. Scene 3.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.

Act 1. Scene 4.

Yet do I fear thy nature :
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.

Act 1. Scene 5.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success :—that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan,
Hath borne his faculties so meek—hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking-off ;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other. *Act 1. Scene 7.*

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon. *Ibid.*

I dare do all that may become a man :
Who dares do more is none. *Ibid.*

Screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. *Ibid.*

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it ;
She'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly : Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further. *Act III. Scene 2.*

But now, I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. *Act III. Scene 4.*

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both ! *Ibid.*

The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end ; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. *Ibid.*

LADY MACBETH. You have displac'd the mirth,
broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

MACBETH. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder ? *Ibid.*

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. *Ibid.*

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. *Act IV. Scene 1.*

Stands Scotland where it did? *Act IV. Scene 3.*

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear—the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Act V. Scene 3.

MACBETH. Canst thou not minister to a mind
diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

DOCTOR. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

MACBETH. Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, despatch. If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.

Act v. Scene 3.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is still, " They come."

Act v. Scene 5.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life 's but a walking shadow—a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Ibid.

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Ibid.

Of all men else, I have avoided thee.

Act v. Scene 7.

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.

Ibid.

KING JOHN.

Here I and sorrow sit :
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
Act III. Scene 1.

'Thou ever strong upon the strongest side ! *Ibid.*

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
Ibid.

No Italian priest,
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions. *Ibid.*

Within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor.
Act III. Scene 3.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
Act III. Scene 4.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or, with taper light,
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *Act IV. Scene 2.*

I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news.

Act 1v. Scene 2.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant,
To break within the bloody house of life. *Ibid.*

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Act v. Scene 7.

KING RICHARD II.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?

Act. 1. Scene 3

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, **this England.**

Act II. Scene 1.

Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Act II. Scene 3.

Within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court. *Act III. Scene 2.*

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried, God save him ;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home.

Act V. Scene 2.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud clarions, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ?

Act 1. Scene 2.

Where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury

Act 11. Scene 1.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

Act 1v. Scene 3.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband.

Act v. Scene 2.

A WINTER'S TALE.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

Act 1v. Scene 2.

Prosperity's the very bond of love.

Act 1v. Scene 3.



To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse.

Act iv. Scene 3.

What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? *Act v. Scene 3.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. *Act iii. Scene 3.*

Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. *Ibid.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
Ibid.

The end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it. *Act iv. Scene 5.*

KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade,
Minions of the moon. *Act i. Scene 2.*

Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards
it.* *Act 1. Scene 2.*

'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.
Ibid.

He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose. *Act 1. Scene 3.*

He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. *Ibid.*

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon.
Ibid.

I know a trick worth two of that.
Act 11. Scene 1.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.
Act 11. Scene 3.

I could brain him with his lady's fan. *Ibid.*

* "Wisdom crieth without ; she uttereth her voice in
the streets."—*Book of Proverbs*, chap. i. verse 20.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Act III. Scene 1.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers :
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Ibid.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn ?

Act III. Scene 3.

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise.

Act IV. Scene 1.

I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.

Act IV. Scene 2.

Food for powder, food for powder ; they'll fill a pit,
as well as better.

Ibid.

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

Ibid.

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is this honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it; honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

Act v. Scene 1.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

Act v. Scene 4.

I could have better spar'd a better man. *Ibid.*

The better part of valour is discretion. *Ibid.*

Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. *Ibid.*

KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that
wit is in other men. *Act i. Scene 2.*

He hath eaten me out of house and home.
Act ii. Scene 1.

Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Act iii. Scene 1.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. *Ibid.*

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
Act iv. Scene 4.

Then get thee gone : and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead. *Ibid.*

FALSTAFF. What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

PISTOL. Not the ill wind which blows none to good
Act v. Scene 3.

Under which king, Bezonian ? speak, or die.
Ibid.

KING HENRY V.

Consideration, like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.

Act 1. Scene 1.

When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still. *Ibid.*

Base is the slave that pays. *Act 11. Scene 1.*

For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and
play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends,
I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as
sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.

Act 11. Scene 3.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more.

Act 111. Scene 1.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire : and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,

With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

Act 1v.—Chorus.

That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a
poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch !
You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with
fanning in his face with a peacock's feather.

Act 1v. Scene 1.

O, hard condition ! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing !
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy ? *Ibid.*

Familiar in their mouths as household words.

Act 1v. Scene 3.

If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt
find the best king of good fellows.

Act v. Scene 2.

KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Act 11. Scene 2.

She's beautiful ; and therefore to be woo'd :
She is a woman ; therefore to be won.

Act v. Scene 3.

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief ;
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

Act i. Scene 1.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

Act iii. Scene 1.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted !
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Act iii. Scene 2.

He dies and makes no sign ! *Act iii. Scene 3.*

Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Act v. Scene 2

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.

Act II. Scene 2.

Things ill got had ever bad success. *Ibid.*

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

Act II. Scene 5.

A little fire is quickly trodden out ; which, being
suffer'd, rivers cannot quench. *Act IV. Scene 8.*


KING HENRY. What scene of death hath Roscius
now to act ?

GLOSTER. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Act V. Scene 6.

KING RICHARD III.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;



Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fight the souls of fearful adversaries —
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

Act 1. Scene 1.

I run before my horse to market. *Ibid.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ?

Act 1. Scene 2.

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Act 1. Scene 3.

So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Act III. Scene 1.

We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

Act IV. Scene 3.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Act IV. Scene 4.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment.

Act v. Scene 2.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Ibid.

The king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Act v. Scene 3.

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn. *Ibid.*

A thing devised by the enemy. *Ibid.*

A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !


Act v. Scene 4.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die. *Ibid.*

KING HENRY VIII.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Act 1. Scene 3.



Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a judge
That no king can corrupt. *Act III. Scene 1.*

And then to breakfast with
What appetite you have. *Act III. Scene 2.*

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. *Ibid.*

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope—to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !

There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. *Act III. Scene 2.*

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. *Ibid.*

Fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels. *Ibid.*

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. *Ibid.*

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.
Act IV. Scene 2.

So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him ! *Ibid.*

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. *Ibid.*

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :

Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

Act iv. Scene 2.

CORIOLANUS.

This Triton of the minnows. *Act iii. Scene 1.*

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine. *Act iv. Scene 5.*

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Flutter'd your Volsces in Corioli ;
Alone I did it. *Act v. Scene 5.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus. *Act 1. Scene 2.*

Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Ibid.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Act II. Scene 1.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream. *Ibid.*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Act II. Scene 2.

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come. *Ibid.*

The choice and master spirits of this age.
Act III. Scene 1.

Though last, not least in love. *Ibid.*

Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,

Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.

Act III. Scene 1.

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Act III. Scene 2.

Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all : all honourable men. *Ibid.*

This was the most unkindest cut of all. *Ibid.*

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen ! *Ibid.*

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend. *Ibid.*

Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

Act IV. Scene 2.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. *Act IV. Scene 3.*

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. *Act iv. Scene 3.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseriea. *Ibid.*

The last of all the Romans fare thee well !
Act v. Scene 3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all,
* * * * *
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*
Act v. Scene 5.

CYMBELINE.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings.*
And Phœbus 'gins arise.

* None but the lark so shril and clear !
How at Heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE,
by John Lyly, Act. v. Scene 1.

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd flowers that lies ;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes ;

With every thing that pretty bin :

My lady sweet, arise ;

Arise, arise. *Song. Act 11. Scene 3.*

Slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.

Act 111. Scene 4.

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth

Finds the down pillow hard.

Act 111. Scene 6.

KING LEAR.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,

To have a thankless child.

Act 1. Scene 4.

You are old ;

Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of her confine.

Act 11. Scene 4.

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Act III. Scene 2.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ?

Act III. Scene 4.

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

Ibid.

Aye, every inch a king. *Act IV. Scene 6.*

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to
sweeten my imagination. *Ibid.*

When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools. *Ibid.*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices,
Make instruments to scourge us.

Act V. Scene 3.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low : an excellent thing in woman.

Ibid.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The weakest goes to the wall. *Act 1. Scene 1.*

O, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
Act 1. Scene 4.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright ;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.
Act 1. Scene 5.

My only love sprung from my only hate !
Too easily seen unknown, and known too late !
Ibid.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
Act 11. Scene 2.

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek ! *Ibid.*

What's in a name ? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
Ibid.

Stony limits cannot hold love out ;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
Ibid.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. *Act. II. Scene 2.*

O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again ! *Ibid.*

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast !
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest.
Ibid.

Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full
of meat. *Act III. Scene 1.*

A plague o' both your houses ! *Ibid.*

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.
Act V. Scene 1.

A beggarly account of empty boxes.
Ibid.

My poverty, but not my will consents.
Ibid.

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.
Act V. Scene 3.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description.* *Act II. Scene 2.*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety ; other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. *Ibid.*

TIMON OF ATHENS.

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery ! *Act I. Scene 2.*

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Act IV. Scene 2.

* Dryden, in " All for Love," Act 3, has a plagiaristic imitation of these exquisite lines.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Act 1. Scene 2.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man ! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive.

Act 11. Scene 1.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor.

Act 1. Scene 4.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan,
The outward habit by the inward man.

Act 11. Scene 2.

SHAKSPERE'S POEMS.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green.

Venus and Adonis, Stanza 25.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high.

Ibid, Stanza 143.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together ;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave ;
Age like winter bare.

The Passionate Pilgrim, Stanza 10.





Milton.



PARADISE LOST.

What in me is dark,
Illumine ; what is low, raise and support ;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Book 1. Lines 22-26.

A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed ; yet from those flames
No light ; but rather darkness visible.

Lines 61-63.

To reign is worth ambition, though in hell ;
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.

Lines 262, 263.

On the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd

His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa. *Book 1. Lines 299-303.*

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n. *Line 330.*

Black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart. *Book 11. Lines 670-672.*

Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd. *Lines 845-847.*

Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms. *Lines 894-900.*

For such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frightened deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded. *Lines 993-996.*

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god

Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ! *Book iv. Lines 32-35.*

Not to know me argues yourself unknown,
The lowest of your throng. *Lines 830, 831.*

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he.
Book v. Lines 896, 897.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
Book viii. Lines 488, 489.

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
Book xii. Lines 646, 647.

L'ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides,

Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse ;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy.

And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

Lycidas. Line 193.

For evil news rides post, while good news bates.

Samson Agonistes. Line 1538.

That diabolical victory
 At Cheronæa, fatal to liberty,
 Killed with report that old man eloquent.*

Sonnets. Sonnet 10.

In vain doth valour bleed,
 While avarice and rapine share the land.

Sonnets. Sonnet 15.

A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names.

Comus. Lines 204-207.

Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones
 Forget not.

Sonnets. Sonnet 17.†

* Isocrates, the celebrated orator of Greece, is here alluded to. His patriotic feelings received so severe a shock on hearing the result of the battle of Cheronæa, that he died broken-hearted, or, as some authors say, of self-starvation.

† These noble lines, from the sonnet entitled "On the late Massacre in Piedmont," which was written in 1655, have obtained great and deserved celebrity. It is satisfactory to know, that the poet did not write in vain in thus calling attention to the sufferings of the persecuted Protestants of the Piedmontese mountains and valleys.

Rivers, arise ! whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulfy Dun.

Poems on several occasions. Poem 2.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones ?
The labour of an age in piléd stones ?

* * * * *

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.

Ibid. On Shakspeare.





Sbenstone.



My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.

A Pastoral. Part 2.

I have found out a gift for my fair :
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 't was a barbarous deed ;
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

Ibid.

Ye shepherds ! give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep ;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.



Yet do not my folly reprove ;
 She was fair — and my passion begun ;
She smiled — and I could not but love :
 She is faithless — and I am undone. *Pastoral. Part 4.*

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few.
 The Judgment of Hercules. Lines 158, 159.

Life has its bliss for these, when past its bloom,
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.
Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of age !
 Ibid. Lines 430-433.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
 Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found,
 The warmest welcome at an inn.
 Lines written at an Inn at Henley.

Here, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell ;
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon limes her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams.
 *Lines inscribed on a Tablet in the Gardens at the
 Poet's residence, "The Leasowes."*



Burns.



TAM O' SHANTER.

Our hame
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.
But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melt for ever.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.

THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale !

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings ;
" An honest man's the noblest work of God. " *
* * * *


O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !

'The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell,
Some wee short hour ayont the twal.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennie wrang,
To step aside is human.

Address to the Unco Guid.

* Pope's Essay on Man. See Quotations from Pope.



Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !

A Winter Night.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
 That shoots my tortur'd gums along ;
 And thro' my lugs gies monie a twang
 Wi' gnawing vengeance.

Address to the Toothache.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
 To see oursels as others see us !
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us
 And foolish notion.

Lines to a Louse.

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkrk to Johnny Groats ;
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede ye tent it :
 A chiel's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it.

*Lines on Captain Grose's Peregrinations
 through Scotland.*

Gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justify'd by honour ;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

Epistle to a Young Friend.

O, my luv'e 's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June,
O, my luv'e 's like the melody,
That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

Song. A Red Red Rose.

Man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Man was made to Mourn. A Dirge.

In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep.

Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O ;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Song. Green grow the Rasbes.

For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

Song. For a' that and a' that.

Quotations from Burns.

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou has left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight,
For gifts and grace,
A burning an' a shining light,
To a' this place.

Holy Willie's Prayer.





Addison.

CATO.*

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome. *Act 1. Scene 1.*

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed. *Act 1. Scene 2.*

'T is not in mortals to command success,
But we 'll do more, Sempronius ; we 'll deserve it.
Ibid.

* The extracts from Cato are taken from Addison's works, in six volumes, edited by Dr. Hurd, and not from the acting copy of the play ; the reader is requested to notice this, as the arrangement of the acts and scenes differs materially in the play, as represented on the stage, from the works of Addison, as edited by Hurd. The celebrated soliloquy is given here at length, as so many portions of it are in constant use.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour. *Act. 1. Scene 4.*

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and pales upon the sense.
Ibid.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.
Act 11. Scene 1.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast),
The woman that deliberates is lost.
Act 1v. Scene 1.

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes. *Act 1v. Scene 4.*

Thanks to the gods ! my boy has done his duty.
Ibid.

What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country !
Ibid.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
Ibid.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us ;
'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man :
Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass ?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above,
And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works, he must delight in virtue ;
And that which he delights in must be happy !
But when ? or where ? this world was made for Cæsar ;
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
Thus am I doubly armed :—my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me ;
This in a moment brings me to an end ;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Act. v. Scene 1.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know,
What dire effects from civil discord flow.

Act v. Scene 4.

So when an angel by Divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.*

The Campaign. Lines 287-292.

* Pope has this line in the *Dunciad*, Book III., line 264.
See Quotations from Pope. Addison here refers to the
great Duke of Marlborough, to whom the Poem of "The
Campaign" was addressed.





Pope.



ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Lines 201-204.

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring ;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Lines 215-218.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Lines 356, 357.

Ah ! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.



Good-nature and good sense must ever join ;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

Lines 522-525.

No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
yard :
Nay, fly to altars ; there they'll talk you dead ;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Lines 622-625.

ESSAY ON MAN.

Awake, my St. John ! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ;
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield ;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar ;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise ;

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

Epistle i. Lines 1-16.

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

Lines 81-84.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never is, but always to be blest.

Lines 91-96.

And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

Lines 293, 294.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.

Epistle ii. Lines 1, 2.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death ;

The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength.

Epistle II. Lines 133-136.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.

Lines 217, 218.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right ;
In faith and hope, the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity ;
All must be false, that thwarts this one great end ;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

Epistle III. Lines 303-310.

Order is heaven's first law ; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.

Epistle IV. Lines 49, 50.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone ;
And peace, O Virtue ! peace is all thy own.

Lines 79-82.

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part — there all the honour lies.

Epistle iv. Lines 193, 194.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Lines 203, 204.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Lines 215, 216.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.

Lines 247, 248.

Ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame.

Lines 283, 284.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
" Virtue alone is happiness below." *Lines 309, 310.*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.

Lines 331, 332.

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Epistle 17. Lines 377-380.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.

Line 389.

That virtue only makes our bliss below ;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

Lines 397, 398.

MORAL ESSAYS.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

Epistle 1. Lines 149, 150.

And you, brave Cobham ! to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.

Lines 262, 263.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take ;
But every woman is at heart a rake.
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;
But every lady would be queen for life.

Epistle 11. Lines 215-218.

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me ?

Epistle III. Lines 1, 2.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung *,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung ;
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red ;
Great Villiers lies — Alas ! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim.
Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury, and love ;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter left, of all his store,
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.

* Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the gay, witty, and unprincipled minister of Charles the Second, to whom Pope here refers, did not die as thus represented, but at a farm house at Kirby Moorside. Cliefden was one of the palaces of the Duke, and a favourite place of residence with him and the Countess of Shrewsbury, who is alluded to in these lines — correctly, if we have writ our annals true — as the “wanton Shrewsbury.” Dryden lampoons the Duke under the name of Zimri, in his “Absalom and Achitophel.” See Quotations from Dryden.

There victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame ; this lord of useless thousands ends.

Epistle III. Lines 298-313.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies.

Lines 339, 340.

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Lines 351, 352.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

Epistle IV. Lines 149, 150.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Who shames a scribbler ? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew :
Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,
The creature 's at his dirty work again. *Lines 89-92.*

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers for the numbers came.

Lines 127, 128.

And he, whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad. *Lines* 187, 188.

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.

Lines 197-202.

Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

Lines 307, 308.


THE DUNCIAD.

Prudence, whose glass presents the approaching jail ;
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Book 1. Lines 51-54.

Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug.

Lines 127-130.



Immortal RICH ! how calm he sits at ease *
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of peas ;
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

Book III. Lines 261-264.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage.

Prologue to Addison's Tragedy of Cato.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state. *Ibid.*

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck and tilt at all I meet.

Imitations of Horace.

Satire 1. Lines 69, 70.

There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Ibid. Lines 127, 128.

* Rich, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, is here alluded to. The last line of this extract is used by Addison, in his poem "The Campaign." See quotations from Addison.

Let humble ALLEN, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Epilogue to the Satires.

Dialogue 1. Lines 135, 136.

May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay !

Iliad. Book vi.

Parting of Hector and Andromache.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild ;
In wit, a man : simplicity, a child. *Epitaph on Gay.*

Nature, and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
God said, *Let Newton be !* and all was light.

*Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton, in
Westminster Abbey.*

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Eloisa to Abelard. Lines 57, 58.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot ?

Ibid. Lines 207, 208.

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide ;

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

The Rape of the Lock.

Canto II. Lines 15-18.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Ibid. Lines 27, 28.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

Ibid. Canto III. Lines 21, 22.





Dryden.

—ooo—

None but the brave deserves the fair.

* * * * *

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he
slew the slain.

* * * * *

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood ;

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed.

* * * * *

Pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;

Honour, but an empty bubble.



* * * * *

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

* * * * *

He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down. *Alexander's Feast.*

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.
Cymon and Iphigenia. Lines 1, 2.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
Ibid. Lines 84, 85.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise.
Ibid. Lines 107, 108.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow ;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
Prologue to All for Love.

Men are but children of a larger growth.
All for Love. Act IV. Scene 1.

There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know.
Spanish Friar. Act II. Scene 1.

Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Conquest of Grenada. Act 1. Scene 1.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Absalom and Achitophel. Part 1. Lines 163, 164.

A man so various that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.*

Ibid. Lines 545-550.

* In these celebrated lines, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the profligate companion of Charles the Second, is referred to. Dryden satirizes him in the poem under the name of Zimri. The Duke was not devoid of talent : in "The Rehearsal," an entertainment written by him, he introduces the poet under the name of Bayes, and handles him severely. Pope's lines (see Quotations from Pope) describing the death-bed of "this lord of useless thousands," though by no means correctly narrating the event, have obtained great popularity.

PALAMON AND ARCITE.

Love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
Book II. Lines 148, 149.

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of heaven.
Lines 291, 292.

Since every man, who lives, is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for things beyond our
care ;
Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend ;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Book III. Lines 883-888.

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordained to die,
To make a virtue of necessity ;
Take what He gives, since to rebel is vain,
The bad grows better, which we well sustain ;
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'T is best to die, our honour at the height.
Ibid. Lines 1084-1089.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn ;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
The next in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go ;
To make a third, she joined the former two.*

Lines written under a Portrait of Milton.

Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace.

Threnodia Augustalis. Line 49.

For friendship, of itself an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.

The Hind and the Panther. Part III. Lines 47, 48.

Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.

The Cock and the Fox. Lines 285, 286.

Virtue in distress, and vice in triumph,
Make atheists of mankind.

Cleomenes. Act v. Scene 2.

Kings, who are fathers, live but in their people.

Don Sebastian. Act 1. Scene 1.

This is the porcelain clay of human kind. *Ibid.*

* The two other poets here referred to are Homer and Virgil.



Johnson.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new ;
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

*Prologue (spoken by Garrick)**
at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, 1747.

Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;

* Boswell, speaking of this Prologue, says, "for just and manly dramatic criticism on the whole range of the English stage, as well as for poetical excellence, it is unrivalled : it was, during the season, often called for by the audience."

The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Prologue.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life.

Lines 1-4.

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail ;*
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

Lines 159-162.

* This line was originally written—

“Toil, envy, want, the *garret*, and the jail ;”

but when Johnson was disappointed of the patronage of Lord Chesterfield, the word *patron* was used ; he never forgot the neglect with which he had been treated ; his memorable criticism on Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son will not soon pass into oblivion. “They teach the morals of a prostitute, and the manners of a dancing master.” His lordship, in his Letters, speaks of the character of a “respectable Hottentot,” which term has been supposed to have referred to Johnson.

He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.*

Lines 221, 222.

New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

Lines 307-310.

Catch then, O catch, the transient hour ;
Improve each moment as it flies ;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas ! how soon he dies.

Winter. An Ode.

Hell is paved with good intentions.†

Boswell's Life, Age 66.

Period, April 14, 1775

Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

* Charles XII., the celebrated king of Sweden, is here alluded to.

† "Hell is full of good meanings and wishings."—
HERBERT'S *Jacula Prudentum*.

Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

London. Lines 165-168.

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd.

Ibid. Lines 175, 176.





Gay.

THE FABLES. PART I.

In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold. *Introduction.*

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain. *Ibid.*

Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil? *Ibid.*

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save. *Fable 1.*

Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another. *Fable 3.*

No author ever spared a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another. *Fable 10.*

In every age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree. *Fable 21.*

Who friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade. *Fable 23.*

'Tis thus that on the choice of friends,
Our good or evil name depends. *Ibid.*

Is there no hope ? the sick man said ;
The silent doctor shook his head ;
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow. *Fable 27.*

" While there is life, there 's hope, he cried,
Then why such haste ?" so groaned and died. *Ibid.*

A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd. *Fable 29.*

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose. *Fable 34.*

How many saucy airs we meet,
From Temple Bar to Aldgate Street ! *Fable 35.*

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye ;
Each little speck and blemish find ;
To our own stronger errors blind. *Fable 38.*

Friendship like love is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'T is thus in friendships ; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend. *Fable 50.*

When a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place. *Ibid.*

THE FABLES. PART II.

From wine what sudden friendship springs !
• *Fable 6.*

From kings to cobblers 't is the same ;
Bad servants wound their masters' fame. *Ibid.*

In every rank, or great or small,
'T is industry supports us all. *Fable 8.*

By outward show let's not be cheated ;
An ass should like an ass be treated. *Fable 11.*

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.

Act 11. Scene 1.

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong.

Act 11. Scene 2.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.

Ibid.

So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning; and men smile no more.

*The What D'Ye Call It.**

Act 11. Scene 9.

* This was a sort of mock tragedy, called in the dramatic phraseology of the day in which it was written, "A Tragi-comi-Pastoral;" it obtained considerable celebrity on its representation, though totally unfit for the stage in our day. Gay's most successful effort as a dramatist was the Beggar's Opera, which was accepted and produced by Rich, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre; the great "run" it had caused a wit of the day to remark, that it made Gay *rich* and Rich *gay*.



Churchill.

—000—

THE ROSCIAD.

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.*

Line 322.

To copy beauties forfeits all pretence

To fame ;—to copy faults is want of sense.

Lines 457, 458.

If manly sense ; if nature link'd with art ;

If thorough knowledge of the human heart ;

If powers of acting vast and unconfin'd ;

If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd ;

If strong expression, and strange powers which lie

Within the magic circle of the eye ;

If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,

And which no face so well as his can show,

* This line, which we sometimes hear quoted as illustrating a peculiar style of oratory, refers to Davies, an actor of some note, contemporary with Churchill.

Deserve the preference ; Garrick ! take the chair,
Nor quit it till thou place an equal there.*

Line 1081-1090.

Men the most infamous are fond of fame ;
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

The Author. Lines 233, 234.

Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnatural war with brother authors wage.

The Apology. Lines 27, 28.

* These, the concluding lines of the Rosciad, are the
well-known encomium on David Garrick. ●





Wordsworth.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.

Poems of the Imagination.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride.
Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy
Behind his plough upon the mountain side.

Poems of the Imagination.

Resolution and Independence.

A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy !
And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood ;
She has her brave Rob Roy.

Rob Roy's Grave.

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can. *Rob Roy's Grave.*

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

Sonnets to Liberty. Period 1802.

Oh! for a single hour of that Dundee,
Who on that day the word of onset gave.

Sonnets to Liberty. Period 1803.

O, sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.

The Excursion. Book 1. Lines 524-526.

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him —
And it was nothing more.

Peter Bell. Part 1.

The child is father of the man.*

Poems referring to Childhood. Poem 1.

* "Men are but children of a larger growth." See
Quotations from Dryden.



Goldsmith.

THE TRAVELLER.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Lines 7-10.

Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze ;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of three score.

Lines 251-254.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by,
Intent on high designs,—a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand.

Lines 327-330.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

How often have I paused on every charm,—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

Lines 9-14.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made —
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.


Lines 51-56.

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,—
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly.

Lines 99-102.

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

Lines 121-124.



There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear ;
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

Lines 139-142.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,—
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

Lines 155-158.

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

Lines 179, 180.

Man wants but little here below.
Nor wants that little long.*

The Hermit.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep—
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

Ibid.

* The same idea, conveyed in nearly the same words,
will be found in Young's Night Thoughts—Night IV.
See Quotations from Young.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die!

Stanzas.

RETALIATION.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Lines on Edmund Burke.

Here lies David Garrick—describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
'T was only that when he was off he was acting.

Lines on Garrick.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind :
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland.

Lines on Sir Joshua Reynolds.

A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day.

Description of an Author's Bed-chamber.

This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

*A Prologue spoken by the Poet Laberius. Translated
by Goldsmith from the Latin of Macrobius.*

The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies ;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

The Captivity, an Oratorio. Act 11.



Cowper.

Glory built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt.
Table Talk. Lines 1, 2.

The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
Is always happy, reign whoever may,
And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away.
Ibid. Lines 233-236.

Ages elaps'd ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard ;
To carry Nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.*
Ibid. Lines 556-559.

God made the country, and man made the town.
The Task. The Sofa. Line 749.

* Adapted from Dryden. See Quotations from
Dryden. Lines under a Portrait of Milton.

Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,*
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!

The Time-Piece. Lines 1-5.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee.

Ibid. Lines 206-209.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know.

Ibid. Lines 285, 286.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

The Winter Evening. Lines 36-41.

* A similar aspiration will be found in Lord Byron's
"Childe Harold," canto 4, stanza 177—

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place!

War's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings should not play at.

The Winter Morning Walk.

Lines 188-189.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

The Winter Walk at Noon.

Lines 559-562.

How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

The Progress of Error.

Lines 415, 416.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

Ibid. Lines 516, 517.

The Cross,

There, and there only (though the Deist rave,
And Atheist, if earth bear so base a slave),
There, and there only, is the power to save.

Ibid. Lines 613-616.

But truths, on which depends our main concern,
That 't is our shame and misery not to learn,

Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.*

Tirocinium. Lines 77-80.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin long live he ;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see. *History of John Gilpin.*

Pernicious weed ! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours ;
Thou art indeed the drug a gardener wants,
To poison vermin that infest his plants.†

Conversation. Lines 251-256.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

* See also the Book of Habakkuk, chapter ii. verse 2 :
" And the Lord answered me, and said, Write the vision,
and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that
readeth it."

† This extract forms a portion of a passage, too long
to quote in its entirety, attacking tobacco and the habit
of smoking. The mind of the reader will doubtless at
once be directed to Lord Byron's lines of an antagonistic
tendency, in the second canto of " The Island."—See
Quotations from Byron.

* * * * *
Religion ! what treasure untold,
Resides in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.

* * * * *
There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

*Verses supposed to have been written by
Alexander Selkirk.*

They whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

The Pine Apple and the Bee.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

*Mutual Forbearance necessary to the Happiness
of the Married State.*

While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

An Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq.



Toll for the brave !

The brave that are no more !

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore !

On the Loss of the Royal George.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,

With which I charge my page !

A worm is in the bud of youth,

And at the root of age.

*Stanzas subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality
of the Parish of All Saints, Northampton,*

A.D. 1787.

Then raising her voice to a strain

The sweetest that ear ever heard,

She sung of the slave's broken chain,

Wherever her glory appeared.

The Morning Dream.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,

Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

The Needless Alarm.

Misses ! the tale that I relate

This lesson seems to carry —

Choose not alone a proper mate,

But proper time to marry.

Pairing Time Anticipated.



Ben Jonson.



Soul of the age !

The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !
My Shakspeare rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room ;
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.

* * * * *

He was not of an age, but for all time,
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !

* * * * *

Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those slights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James.

Lines to the Memory of Shakspeare.

A dark, irregular ink blot or smudge located in the bottom right corner of the page.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.*

Song. To Celia.

* This song is frequently attributed to Tom Moore.





Butler.



HUDIBRAS.

When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Part 1. Canto 1. Lines 9-12.

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

Lines 215, 216.

He ne'er consider'd it as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 't was worth.

Lines 489-492.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps !

Part 1. Canto III. Lines 1-4.

Quoth Hudibras, friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last,

Lines 1367, 1368.

'T is virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call :
For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 't will bring ?

Part II. Canto 1. Lines 463-466.

Love is a boy by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.*

Lines 843, 844.

Why should not conscience have vacation,
As well as other courts o' th' nation ?

Part II. Canto II. Lines 317, 318.

Y'had best, quoth Ralpho, as the ancients
Say wisely,—Have a care o' th' main chance,

* "He that spareth his rod, hateth his son."—PROVERBS, chap. xiii. verse 24.

And look before you ere you leap ;
For as you sow, y'are like to reap.*

Part II. Canto II. Lines 501-504.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat.

Part II. Canto III. Lines 1, 2.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take th' alarm,
Your business is but to inform ;
But if it be, 't is ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear.†

Lines 575-580.

Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things before they are in being ;
To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd.

Lines 921-924.

* "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."
—GALATIANS, chap. vi. verse 7.

† This is a proverb of considerable antiquity ; it occurs frequently in the old dramas. Ben Jonson quotes it in his comedy of "Every Man in his Humour," act ii. scene 1 ; and Colman, in the "Heir-at-Law," act i. scene 1.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.*

Part III. Canto III. Lines 243, 244.

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still.†

Lines 547, 548.

* It is a general opinion that the very familiar lines—

“For he that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day,”

are in Hudibras; this is a popular error. The quotation here given, which conveys a similar idea, has probably given rise to the erroneous impression which prevails as to the authorship of the lines; they are to be found in a small and now very scarce volume entitled “*Musarum Deliciæ*,” by Sir John Mennis. See *Miscellaneous Quotations*.

† Often absurdly given thus—

“A man convinced against his will.”



Thomson.

THE SEASONS.

But happy they ! the happiest of their kind !
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

Spring. Lines 1113-1115.

Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

Lines 1150-1153.

Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon.

Summer. Lines 282, 283.

Loveliness

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

Autumn. Lines 204-206.

Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain.

Winter. Lines 322-328.

Behold, fond man !
See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.

Lines 1028, 1033.

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey ;
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tired with vain life, will close the willing eye :
'T is the great birthright of mankind to die.

Epitaph on Miss Stanley.

To put the power
Of sovereign rule into the good man's hand,
Is giving peace and happiness to millions.

Sophonisba. Act v. Scene 2.

Tears oft look graceful on the manly cheek :
The cruel cannot weep. *Sophonisba. Act v. Scene 2.*

Rash fruitless war, from wanton glory waged,
Is only splendid murder.
Edward and Eleonora. Act 1. Scene 1.

The heart of woman tastes no truer joy,
Is never flatter'd with such dear enchantment—
'T is more than selfish vanity—as when
She hears the praises of the man she loves.
Tancred and Sigismunda. Act 1. Scene 1.

Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil good can ever rise.
Ibid. Act v. Scene 8.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain :
 " Rule Britannia ! rule the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves."

The nations not so bless'd as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
 " Rule Britannia ! " etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
“ Rule Britannia ! ” etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne’er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
“ Rule Britannia ! ” etc.

To thee belongs thy rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
“ Rule Britannia ! ” etc.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair.
Bless’d isle ! with matchless beauty crown’d,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.*
“ Rule Britannia ! ” etc.

Ode in the Masque of Alfred.

* The insertion of “ Rule Britannia,” in its complete form, may perhaps be deemed scarcely in consonance with the object of this Work—nor is it so, strictly speaking ; but as so much misapprehension exists in the public mind

as to the authorship of the ode, it is hoped that its introduction may not be unacceptable. The "Masque of Alfred" was written by Thomson and Mallet. The ode, however, seems by general consent to be admitted to be Thomson's, and is here copied from his works. The music was composed by Dr. Arne.

From "Rule Britannia" the mind naturally reverts to the National Anthem; and it perhaps may not be irrelevant to state that "God Save the King" was written by Dr. John Bull, who was chamber musician to James the First.





Gray.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray :
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er,

Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.*
The Progress of Poesy.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race ;
Give ample room, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace. *The Bard.*

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm.
Ibid.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,†
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Ibid.

Be thine despair, and scepter'd care ;
To triumph, and to die, are mine. *Ibid.*

* These lines refer to Dryden, forming a portion of a somewhat lengthened panegyric.

† The Tower of London, in which Henry Sixth and the two young princes are believed to have been privately murdered.

Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in flowers.

Ode for Music.

A favourite has no friend,

On the Death of a Favourite Cat.





Collins.

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;
'T is virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
Oriental Eclogues. Eclogue 1.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung.
Ode. The Passions.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'T was sad by fits, by starts was wild. *Ibid.*

Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away. *Ibid.*

Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;

And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
Ode. The Passions.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !

* * * * *

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.

Lines written in the year 1746.

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.

*Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition
of Shakspeare.*





Campbell.

—ooo—

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?
'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Part 1. Lines 5-8.

When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to heav'n again ;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Lines 37-40.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,
From Carmel's height, to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropp'd on the world—a sacred gift to man.*

Lines 41-44.

* In speaking of some eminent person deceased, we

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusco fell.

Part I. Lines 381, 382.

Oh ! once again to freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN.

Lines 409, 410.

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O ! what were man ? a world without a sun !

Part II. Lines 21-24.

The world was sad,—the garden was a wild ;
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smil'd.

Lines 37, 38.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh ! leave the light of Hope behind !

frequently hear it said that “his mantle has fallen” on his successor : the origin of this will be found, as alluded to by Campbell, in the second Book of Kings, chap. ii. verses 11, 12, 13 :—

“And Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father ! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more : and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces.

“He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him.”

What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between ;
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please.

Part II. Lines 375-380.

~~~~~  
Dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal :  
'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.

*Lochiel's Warning.*

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !

*Ibid.*

Ye mariners of England !  
That guard our native seas :  
Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze !  
*Ode. Ye Mariners of England.*

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep. *Ibid.*

Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,  
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate !  
Yea ! ev'n the name I have worshipp'd in vain  
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again ;  
To bear is to conquer our fate.

*Lines written on Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.*

Thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

*The Soldier's Dream.*

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin ;  
'The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;  
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

*The Exile of Erin.\**

---

\* Tom Moore is by many persons supposed to have been the author of this.





## *Moore.*



### IRISH MELODIES.

Oh ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,  
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid.

*O ! Breathe not his Name.*

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.

*Remember Thee.*

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side  
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?  
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,  
If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?

*Come Send Round the Wine.*

The heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

*Believe me if all those Endearing Young Charms.*

There's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.      *Love's Young Dream.*

O the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock !  
Chosen leaf  
Of bard and chief,  
Old Erin's native shamrock.      *O the Shamrock !*

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !  
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd :  
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.  
*Farewell ! but Whenever you Welcome the Hour.*

---

### LALLA ROOKH.

And music, too, dear music ! that can touch  
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much,  
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem  
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.  
*The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,*  
*Lines 941-944.*

Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 't was the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
 To glad me with its soft black eye,  
 But when it came to know me well,  
 And love me, it was sure to die.

*The Fire Worshipers. Lines 278-285.*

Alas ! how light a cause may move  
 Dissension between hearts that love !  
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;  
 That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
 Like ships, that have gone down at sea,  
 When heaven was all tranquillity.

*Light of the Haram. Lines 183-190.*

There 's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,  
 When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,  
 With heart never changing, and brow never cold,  
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !  
 One hour of a passion so sacred is worth  
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;  
 And oh ! if there be an elysium on earth,  
 It is this, it is this.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fly to the desert, fly with me,  
 Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;  
 But, oh ! the choice what heart can doubt,  
 Of tents with love, or thrones without ?

*Concluding portion of Light of the Haram.*

But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum,  
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.

*Corruption. An Epistle. Lines 161, 162.*

Yes, rather plunge me back in pagan night,  
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,  
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,  
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,  
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey.

*Intolerance. A Satire. Lines 68-72.*

Friend of my soul ! this goblet sip,  
'T will chase that pensive tear ;  
'T is not so sweet as woman's lip,  
But, oh ! 't is more sincere.

Like her delusive beam,  
'T will steal away thy mind :  
But, like Affection's dream,  
It leaves no sting behind.

*Juvenile Poems. Anacreontique.*

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom !  
Our joys shall always last ;  
For hope shall brighten days to come,  
And memory gild the past.

*Ibid. Song.*



*Byron.*

—ooo—

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

*Canto 1. Stanza 9.*

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,  
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,  
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands,  
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,  
And long had fed his youthful appetite ;  
His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,  
And all that mote to luxury invite,  
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,  
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass earth's central  
line.

*Stanza 11.*

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild seamew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight ;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land—good night !

*Canto 1. Stanza 13.*

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,  
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.

*Stanza 14.*

Not here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck sounds ;  
Here Folly still his votaries enthralls ;  
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight rounds ;  
Girt with the silent crimes of capitals,  
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tott'ring  
walls.

*Stanza 46.*

No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star  
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet ;  
Ah ! monarchs, could ye taste the mirth ye mar,  
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret ;  
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and man be  
happy yet !

*Stanza 47.*



Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,  
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,  
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,  
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war ?  
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar  
Appall'd, an owlet's 'larum chill'd with dread,  
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,  
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead,  
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might  
quake to tread.\*

*Canto 1. Stanza 54.*

From morn till night, from night till startled morn,  
Peeps blushing on the revels laughing crew,  
The song is heard, the rosy garland worn.

*Stanza 67.*

Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,  
Pride points the path that leads to liberty ;  
Back to the struggle baffled in the strife,  
War, war is still the cry, war even to the knife ! †

*Stanza 86.*

---

\* This and the two following stanzas in the poem are the well-known lines recounting the heroic achievements of the Maid of Saragoza, at the siege of that city.

† "War even to the knife" was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragoza, when summoned to surrender by the French when they besieged that city in 1808.

Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
Death hath but little left him to destroy !  
Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be a  
boy ? *Canto 11. Stanza 23.*

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.  
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !  
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,  
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;  
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

*Stanza 26.*

Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,  
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel,  
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,  
As breezes rise and fall, and billows swell,  
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land ! and all is well.

*Stanza 28.*

Brisk confidence still best with woman copes ;  
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon passion crowns thy  
hopes. *Stanza 34.*

Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !  
Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !  
*Stanza 73.*

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not  
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?

*Canto II. Stanza 76.*

Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,  
 Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,  
 These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill!

*Stanza 81.*

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!  
 Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?  
 When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,  
 And then we parted;—not as now we part,  
 But with a hope.

*Canto III. Stanza 1.*

I am as a weed,  
 Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail,  
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath  
 prevail.

*Stanza 2.*

Years steal  
 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;  
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

*Stanza 8.*

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek  
 To wear it? Who can curiously behold  
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,  
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?

*Stanza 11*

There was a sound of revelry by night,\*  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

*Canto III. Stanza 21.*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me ;  
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd  
To its idolatries a patient knee,  
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud  
In worship of an echo ; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such ; I stood  
Among them, but not of them.

*Stanza 113.*

The child of love, though born in bitterness,  
And nurtur'd in convulsion ; of thy sire,  
These were the elements, and thine no less.  
As yet such are around thee, but thy fire

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\* The ball given at Brussels on the evening preceding the conflict was attended by a number of the officers in the Duke of Wellington's army ; it has been said, that so hasty was the summons from Brussels, that some of them appeared on the field of Waterloo in their ball dresses.



I see before me the Gladiator lie :  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch  
who won. *Canto iv. Stanza 140.*

Hark ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,  
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,  
Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
With some deep and immedicable wound ;  
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,  
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief  
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown'd,  
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief  
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.\*  
*Stanza 167.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :

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\* These touching lines refer to the death of the Princess Charlotte, who expired in 1817, to the heartfelt grief of the nation.

I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

*Canto iv. Stanza 178.*

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles onward :—from a boy  
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
Were a delight : and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror—'t was a pleasing fear,  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

*Stanza 184.*

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DON JUAN.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
    Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;  
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
    Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;  
'T is sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,  
    Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
    The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes  
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,  
Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes  
From civic revelry to rural mirth ;  
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps ;  
Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth ;  
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,  
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

*Canto 1. Stanzas 123, 124.*

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence ; man may range  
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,  
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange  
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,  
And few there are whom these cannot estrange ;  
Men have all these resources, we but one,  
To love again, and be again undone. *Stanza 194.*

I was most ready to return a blow,  
And would not brook at all this sort of thing,  
In my hot youth, when George the Third was king.

*Stanza 212.*

Oh ye ! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations—  
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain—  
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,  
It mends their morals—never mind the pain.

*Canto 11. Stanza 1.*



Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—  
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—  
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave ;  
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,  
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.

*Canto 11. Stanza 52.*

And thus like to an angel o'er the dying  
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd.

*Stanza 144.*

Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—  
For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood,—  
While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly :  
Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food.

*Stanza 170.*

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk ;  
The best of life is but intoxication :  
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk  
The hopes of all men, and of every nation :  
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk  
Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion :  
But to return,—Get very drunk ; and when  
You wake with headach, you shall see what then.

*Stanza 179.*

An infant, when it gazes on a light,  
A child, the moment when it drains the breast,  
A devotee when soars the host in sight,  
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,  
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,  
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,  
Feel rapture ; but not such true joy are reaping  
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.

*Canto II. Stanza 196.*

Alas ! the love of women ! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;  
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
And if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring  
To them but mockeries of the past alone,  
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
Deadly, and quick, and crushing ; yet, as real  
Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel !

*Stanza 199.*

O love ! what is it in this world of ours  
Which makes it fatal to be loved ? Ah ! why  
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,  
And made thy best interpreter a sigh ?  
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,  
And place them on their breast—but place to die—  
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish  
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

*Canto III. Stanza 2.*

And as the spot where they appear he nears,  
Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,  
He hears, alas ! no music of the spheres,  
But an unhallow'd, earthly sound of fiddling.

*Canto III. Stanza 28.*

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging  
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the flock ;  
The ocean, when its yeasty war is waging,  
Is awful to the vessel near the rock ;  
But violent things will sooner bear assuaging,  
Their fury being spent by its own shock,  
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire  
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire. *Stanza 58.*

A lady with her daughters or her nieces  
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.  
*Stanza 60.*

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set. *Stanza 86.*

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,  
In nameless print, that I have no devotion ;  
But set those persons down with me to pray,  
And you shall see who has the properest notion

Of getting into heaven the shortest way ;  
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,  
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great  
Whole,  
Who hath produced and will receive the soul.

*Canto III. Stanza 104.*

Oh, Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things—  
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,  
To the young bird the parents' brooding wings,  
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer ;  
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,  
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,  
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest ;  
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

*Stanza 107.*

These two hated with a hate  
Found only on the stage, and each more pained  
With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate ;  
Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,  
Instead of bearing up without debate,  
That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,  
"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.

*Canto IV. Stanza 93.*

I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,  
And heard Troy doubted ; time will doubt of Rome.

*Stanza 101.*

Of all appeals—although  
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,  
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no  
Method's more sure at moments to take hold  
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow  
More tender as we every day behold,  
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,  
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.

*Canto v. Stanza 49.*

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,  
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

*Canto vi. Stanza 7.*

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse  
The tyrant's wish, "that mankind only had  
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce ;"  
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,  
And much more tender on the whole than fierce ;  
It being (not now, but only while a lad)  
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,  
To kiss them all at once, from north to south.

*Stanza 27.*

Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas !

Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,  
That he himself felt only "like a youth  
Picking up shells by the great ocean, Truth."

*Canto vii. Stanza 5*

As fall the dews on quenchless sands,  
Blood only serves to wash ambition's hands.

*Canto ix. Stanza 59.*

Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,  
But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket.

*Canto x. Stanza 79.*

Alas ! worlds fall—and woman, since she fell'd

The world (as since that history, less polite  
Than true, hath been a creed so strictly held),

Has not yet given up the practice quite.

Poor thing of usages ! coerced—compell'd,

Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when right,  
Condemned to child-bed, as men for their sins

Have shaving, too, entailed upon their chins,—

A daily plague, which, in the aggregate,

May average on the whole with parturition.

*Canto xiv. Stanzas 23, 24.*

'T is strange, but true ; for truth is always strange ;

Stranger than fiction. *Stanza 101.*

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### THE ISLAND.

Sublime tobacco ! which from east to west

Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest ;

Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides  
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides ;  
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,  
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand :  
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,  
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe ;  
Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
More dazlingly when daring in full dress ;  
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar !

*Canto 11. Stanza 19.*

---

### THE GIAOUR.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)  
And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that 's there.

*Lines 68-75.*

Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,  
That this is all remains of thee ?

*Lines 106, 107*

Gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.

*Lines 416-421.*

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### THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,  
Where were thy friend, and who my guide?  
Years have not seen—time shall not see  
The hour that tears my soul from thee.

*Canto 1. Stanza 11.*

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### THE CORSAIR.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

*Canto 1. Stanza 3.*

Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun  
The many still must labour for the one.

*Stanza 8.*



There was a laughing devil in his sneer,  
That raised emotions both of rage and fear ;  
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,  
Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed farewell .

*Canto 1. Stanza 9.*

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## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print ;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

*Lines 51, 52.*

Unhappy White ! while life was in its spring,  
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,  
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,  
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.  
O ! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son !  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.  
'T was thine own genius gave the final blow,  
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low :  
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart ;

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel ;  
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.\*

*Lines 815-832.*

Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,  
And decorate the verse herself inspires ;  
This fact, in Virtue's name, let Crabbe attest ;  
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.  
*Lines 839-842.*

---

There's not a joy the world can give  
Like that it takes away.     *Stanzas for Music.*

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\* These lines, not excelled in imagery by anything in the works of the noble poet, refer to Henry Kirke White, whose death was accelerated by too close an application to study. On account of the fame acquired by this portion of the poem, it has been deemed desirable to give the extract containing the allusion to Kirke White in its entirety. The idea here conveyed is imitated by Moore in his "Corruption—an Epistle," lines 95-98—

"Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume  
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom ;  
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart  
Which rank corruption destines for their heart."

She was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his thoughts.

*The Dream. Stanza 2.*

A change came o'er  
The spirit of my dream.

*The Dream.*

*The commencing line of Stanzas 3 to 8.*

Yes! where is he, the champion and the child  
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?  
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,  
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones?

*The Age of Bronze. Stanza 3.*





## Swift.

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I've often wish'd that I had clear,  
For life, six hundred pounds a year,  
A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
A river at my garden's end,  
A terrace walk, and half a rood  
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

*Imitation of Part of the Sixth Satire of the  
Second Book of Horace. Lines 1-6.*

This was a visionary scheme ;  
He wak'd, and found it but a dream ;  
A project far above his skill ;  
For nature must be nature still.

*Cadenus and Vanessa. Lines 584-587.*

'T is an old maxim in the schools,  
That flattery is the food of fools ;  
Yet now and then your men of wit,  
Will condescend to take a bit.

*Ibid. Lines 758-761.*

Then, rising with Aurora's light,  
 The Muse invok'd, sit down to write ;  
 Blot out, correct, insert, refine,  
 Enlarge, diminish, interline ;  
 Be mindful, when invention fails,  
 To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

*On Poetry. Lines 85-90.*

He has more goodness in his little finger than you  
 have in your whole body.

*Mary the Cookmaid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan.*

I love to tell truth and shame the devil.\*

*Ibid.*

In all distresses of our friends,  
 We first consult our private ends ;  
 While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,  
 Points out some circumstance to please us.†

*On the Death of Dr. Swift. Lines 7-10.*

\* See also Quotations from Shakspeare, Henry IV., Part 1. This and the quotation immediately preceding it from Mary's Letter, are proverbial expressions, probably in use long prior to the days of either Swift or Shakspeare. The Dean's writings abound with old proverbs: most of those in familiar use in his day will be found in his "Polite Conversation."

† An adaptation of the well-known maxim of Rochefoucault, " Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplaît pas."

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions,  
Gentle Cupid o'er my heart ;  
I, a slave in thy dominions ;  
Nature must give way to art. \*

*A Love Song in the Modern Taste.*

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Of all the poems of the Dean, these on his own death appear, according to Mr. Nichols, who revised an edition of Swift's works in nineteen volumes, to have suffered the greatest mutilations. The copy, however, from which the extract here given is made, is, Mr. Nichols says, "agreeable to Mr. Faulkner's copy, which was printed by Faulkner with the Dean's express permission."

\* Written as a burlesque on the mawkish amatory poems so rife at the period. It has sometimes been attributed to Pope.





*Scott.*

—ooo—

MARMION.

'T is an old tale, and often told ;  
But did my fate and wish agree,  
Ne'er had been read, in story old,  
Of maiden true betray'd for gold,  
That loved, or was avenged, like me.

*Canto II. Stanza 27.*

Where shall the lover rest,  
Whom the fates sever,  
From his true maiden's breast,  
Parted for ever ?  
Where, through groves deep and high,  
Sounds the far billow,  
Where early violets die  
Under the willow.

*Canto III. Stanza 10.*

Thus oft it haps, that when within,  
They shrink at sense of secret sin,  
    A feather daunts the brave ;  
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,  
And proudest princes veil their eyes,  
    Before their meanest slave.

*Canto III. Stanza 14.*

Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
    And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
    Mine own romantic town !

*Canto IV. Stanza 30.*

Where 's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land !

*Ibid.*

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
And loved to plead, lament, and sue ;—  
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,  
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

*Canto V. Stanza 9.*

For monarchs ill can rivals brook,  
Even in a word, or smile, or look.

*Stanza 13.*



Still linger, in our northern clime,  
Some remnants of the good old time.

*Introduction to Canto vi.*

And darest thou then  
To beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglas in his hall?

*Canto vi. Stanza 14.*

O, what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practise to deceive!

*Stanza 17.*

Another sight had seen that morn,  
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,  
And Flodden had been Bannockbourn!

*Stanza 20.*

At times one warning trumpet blown,  
At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain throne,  
King James did rushing come.

*Stanza 25.*

O, woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;

When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou !

*Canto vi. Stanza 30.*

With dying hand, above his head,  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted " Victory !—  
Charge, Chester, charge ! on, Stanley, on ! "  
Were the last words of Marmion.

*Stanza 32.*

Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield !

*Stanza 34.*

To all, to each, a fair good night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.  
*Concluding Lines.*

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## LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

The last of all the Bards was he  
Who sung of Border chivalry.

*Introduction. Lines 7, 8.*

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

*Canto II. Stanza 1.*

O fading honours of the dead !  
O high ambition, lowly laid !     *Stanza 10.*

I cannot tell how the truth may be ;  
I say the tale as 't was said to me.  
*Stanza 22.*

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above ;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.  
*Canto III. Stanza 2.*

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,  
For lovers love the western star.  
*Stanza 24.*

Sweet 'Teviot ! on thy silver tide,  
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more :  
No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
Along thy wild and willow'd shore.  
*Canto IV. Stanza 1.*

Ne'er  
Was flattery lost on Poet's ear :  
A simple race ! they waste their toil  
For the vain tribute of a smile.

*Conclusion of Canto iv.*

True love 's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven :  
It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;  
It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not die ;  
It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.

*Canto v. Stanza 13.*

His Bilboa blade, by marchmen felt,  
Hung in a broad and studded belt ;  
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still  
Call'd noble Howard, Belted Will. *Stanza 16.*

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land !  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
From wandering on a foreign strand !

*Canto vi. Stanza 1.*

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

*Canto vi. Stanza 1.*

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand !  
*Stanza 2.*

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### THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

In listening mood she seemed to stand,  
The guardian Naiad of the strand.  
*Canto i. Stanza 17.*

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more :

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

*Canto i. Stanza 31.*

Some feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven ;  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refined and clear,  
A tear so limpid and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
'T is that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter's head !

*Canto ii. Stanza 22.*

Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Thou art gone and for ever !

*Canto iii. Stanza 16.*

Love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.

*Canto iv. Stanza 1.*

These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true,  
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu !

*Canto v. Stanza 9.*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,  
Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain !

Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
And fickle as a changeful dream ;  
Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.  
Thou many-headed monster-thing,  
O who would wish to be thy king !

*Canto v. Stanza 30.*

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O ! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant ;
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken !

The Lord of the Isles. Canto v. Stanza 18.

Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin !

The Bridal of Triermain. Canto i. Stanza 21.





Blair.

—006—

THE GRAVE.

The Grave, dread thing !
Men shiver when thou 'rt named ; Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.

Lines 9-11.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine, chequ'ring through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.

Lines 56-59.

Friendship ! mysterious cement of the soul !
Sweet'ner of life ! and solder of society !

Lines 88, 89.

Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

Lines 109, 110.

If death were nothing, and nought after death ;
If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung, then might the debauchee,
Untrembling, mouth the heavens ; then might the
 drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 't is drained,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death.

Lines 382-389.

Self-murder ! name it not ; our island's shame ;
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.

Lines 403, 404.

 The good he scorn'd,
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return ; or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between.*

Lines 586-589.

* " Like angel-visits, few and far between." See
Quotations from Campbell.



Sheridan.



No scandal about Queen
Elizabeth I hope.

The Critic. Act II. Scene 1.

Where they do agree on the stage,
Their unanimity is wonderful.

Ibid. Act II. Scene 2.

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once
are you.

The Rivals. Act IV. Scene 2.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

Ibid. Act IV. Scene 3.

My valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off!
I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my
hands.

Ibid. Act V. Scene 3.





Young.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep !
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles ; the wretched he forsakes.
Night 1. Lines 1-3.

Night, sable goddess ! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Lines 18-20.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss : to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. *Lines 55-57.*

And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour.
Lines 66, 67.

Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain ! *

Lines 212, 213.

Be wise to-day ; 't is madness to defer ;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time —
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Lines 390-396.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.
And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves.

Lines 417-424.

The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,

* Alluding to three deaths in his own family, which had occurred within a short time of each other.

At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.

Night II. Lines 185-188.

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay ;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there,
Far lovelier ! Pity swells the tide of love.

Night III. Lines 104-106.

Man wants but little, nor that little long : *
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour !

Night IV. Lines 118-120.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.

Line 234.

'T is impious in a good man to be sad.

Line 676.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

Line 843.

By night an atheist half believes a God.

Night V. Line 177.

* " Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

See Quotations from Goldsmith—" The Hermit."

Less base the fear of death than fear of life ;
O, Britain ! infamous for suicide !
An island, in thy manners, far disjoin'd
From the whole world of rationals beside !

Night v. Lines 441-444.

Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Night vi. Lines 273-276.

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids ;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.

Lines 314, 315.

If a man loses all when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

Night vii. Lines 199-204.

An undevout astronomer is mad.

Night ix. Line 772.

Retire ; the world shut out ; thy thoughts call home ;
Imagination's airy wing repress. *Lines 1440, 1441.*

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.

The Love of Fame.

Satire i. Lines 51, 52.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.

Ibid. Lines 171, 172.

Be wise with speed ;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

Ibid. Satire ii. Lines 282, 283.

One to destroy, is murder by the law ;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

Ibid. Satire vii. Lines 55-58.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

Ibid. Lines 97, 98.

Though man sits still and takes his ease ;
God is at work on man ;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

Resignation. Part i. Stanza 119.

Their feet, through faithless leather, meet the dirt,
And oftener chang'd their principles than shirt.

Epistle 1. to Pope. Lines 277-278.

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.

Tragedy of the Revenge. Act v. Scene 2.

A lion preys not upon carcasses. *Ibid.*





Bishop Porteus.

DEATH, A POEM.

In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way.* *Lines 108-111.*

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren?
Lines 154-158.

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.
Line 178.

* "Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."
Gray's Elegy.

See Quotations from Gray.

Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,
And oh ! still harder lesson, how to die !

Lines 316-319.





*Scriptural Quotations.**

GENESIS.

In the sweat of thy face† shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

Chap. iii. Verse 19.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.

Chap. ix. Verse 6.

* The facility afforded for references to the Holy Scriptures through the various concordances, renders it unnecessary to insert here more than a few of the most salient passages. Did not these facilities exist, a volume such as this might easily be compiled consisting solely of quotations constantly in use, from the Old and New Testaments.

† Not in the sweat of thy *brow*, as it is oftentimes quoted.

●

EXODUS.

A land flowing with milk and honey.*

Chap. iii. Verse 8.

I. SAMUEL.

Quit yourselves like men. *Chap. iv. Verse 9.*

II. SAMUEL.

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets
of Askelon. *Chap. 1. Verse 20.*

How are the mighty fallen ! *Chap. 1. Verse 25.*

JO B.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ;
blessed be the name of the Lord. *Chap. 1. Verse 21.*

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there
the weary be at rest. *Chap. iii. Verse 17.*

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.
Chap. v. Verse 7.

* See also Exodus iii. 17 ; xiii. 5 ; xxxiii. 3. Jeremiah
xi. 5 ; xxxii. 22. Ezekiel xx. 6, 15. ●

Miserable comforters are ye all.

Chap. xvi. Verse 2.

Oh that one would hear me ! behold my desire is,
that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine
adversary had written a book.*

Chap. xxxi. Verse 35.

PSALMS.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places.

Psalms xvi. Verse 6.

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

Psalms civ. Verse 15.

I am fearfully and wonderfully made.

Psalms cxxxix. Verse 14.

PROVERBS.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge,
but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

Chap. i. Verse 7.

* "Oh that my words were now written ! oh that they
were printed in a book !" — *JOB xix. 23.*

,

Wisdom crieth without ; she uttereth her voice in
the streets. *Chap. i. Verse 20.*

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes
not be burned ? *Chap. vi. Verse 27.*

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret
is pleasant. *Chap. ix. Verse 17.*

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety.
Chap. xi. Verse 14.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.
Chap. xiii. Verse 12.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a
stalled ox and hatred therewith.
Chap. xv. Verse 17.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the
Lord ; and that which he hath given will he pay him
again. *Chap. xix. Verse 17.*

Train up a child in the way he should go ; and
when he is old he will not depart from it.
Chap. xxii. Verse 6.

A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a
rod for the fool's back. *Chap. xxvi. Verse 3.*

Boast not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest
not what a day may bring forth.

Chap. xxvii. Verse 1.

ECCLESIASTES.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of
vanities ; all is vanity.* *Chap. 1. Verse 2.*

There is no new thing under the sun.

Chap. 1. Verse 9.

All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Chap. 1. Verse 14.

For in much wisdom is much grief ; and he that
increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

Chap. 1. Verse 18.

A living dog is better than a dead lion.

Chap. ix. Verse 4.

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the
strong.

Chap. ix. Verse 11.

* See also chapter xii. verse 8.

Cast thy bread upon the waters ; for thou shalt
find it after many days. *Chap. xi. Verse 1.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy
youth. *Chap. xii. Verse 1.*

Of making many books there is no end ; and
much study is a weariness of the flesh.
 Chap. xii. Verse 12.

THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

For love is strong as death : jealousy is cruel as
the grave. *Chap. viii. Verse 6.*

Many waters cannot quench love.
 Chap. viii. Verse 7.

JEREMIAH.

Is there no balm in Gilead ? is there no physician
there ? *Chap. viii. Verse 22.*

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard
his spots ? *Chap. xiii. Verse 23.*

HOSEA.

For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap
the whirlwind. *Chap. viii. Verse 7.*

ECCLESIASTICUS (APOCRYPHA).

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.
Chap. xiii. Verse 1.

ST. MATTHEW.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.
Chap. vi. Verse 34.

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they
trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend
you. *Chap. vii. Verse 6.*

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth
speaketh.* *Chap. xii. Verse 34.*

* See also St. Luke vi. 45.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*

Chap. xxii. Verse 21.

Ye blind guides! which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. *Chap. xxiii. Verse 24.*

For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.

Chap. xxiv. Verse 28.

ST. MARK.

If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.†

Chap. iii. Verse 25.

ST. LUKE.

For the labourer is worthy of his hire.‡

Chap. x. Verse 7.

* See also St. Mark xii. 17; St. Luke xx. 25.

† See also St. Matthew xii. 25; St. Luke xi. 17.

‡ "The labourer is worthy of his reward."—1 TIMOTHY v. 18.

ST. JOHN.

A prophet hath no honour in his own country.*

Chap. iv. Verse 44.

I. CORINTHIANS.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.†

Chap. xv. Verse 33.

EPHESIANS.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

Chap. iv. Verse 26.

HEBREWS.

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.‡

Chap. xii. Verse 6.

* See also St. Matthew xiii. 57; St. Mark vi. 4; St. Luke iv. 24.

† From the Greek of Euripides.

‡ See Proverbs iii. 11, 12.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers ; for thereby
some have entertained angels unawares.

Chap. XIII. Verse 2.

I. TIMOTHY.

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for
thy stomach's sake.

Chap. v. Verse 23.

For the love of money is the root of all evil.

Chap. vi. Verse 10.

II. PETER.

For we have not followed cunningly devised
fables.

Chap. 1. Verse 16.

The dog is turned to his own vomit again ; and
the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the
mire.*

Chap. II. Verse 22.

* "As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool re-
turneth to his folly."—PROVERBS xxvi. 11.



Miscellaneous Quotations.

—ooo—

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

To Albea from Prison.

—

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Come live with me and be my love.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

—

T O B I N.

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.

The Honey Moon. Act II. Scene 1.

A woman's honour is her safest guard.

The Honey Moon. Act II. Scene 1.

MORTON.

What will Mrs. Grundy say ? *

Speed the Plough. Act V. Scene 1.

SOUTHEY.

He pass'd a cottage with a double coach house,

A cottage of gentility ;

And he own'd with a grin,

'That his favourite sin,

Is pride that apes humility.

The Devil's Walk.†

* The expression, slightly varied, occurs repeatedly throughout the comedy.

† The authorship of this poem was for some time disputed. It was at first attributed to Porson ; Coleridge, too, had the questionable honour of its paternity conferred on him ; Southey, however, wrote it, though it seems to be admitted that Coleridge, added several stanzas.

WOLFE.

No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him :
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
The Burial of Sir John Moore.

COLERIDGE.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.
The Ancient Mariner. Concluding Lines.

SOUTHERN.

Pity's akin to love. *Oroonoko. Act II. Scene 1.*

PRIOR.

No longer shall the boddice aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,

That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees and beautifully less.*

Henry and Emma. Lines 427-430.

Variety alone gives joy,
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.

The Turtle and Sparrow. Lines 232, 233.

Be to her virtues very kind ;
Be to her faults a little blind.

An English Padlock. Concluding Lines.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independent state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix, or change his fate.

The Old Gentry.

Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.

Prologue to the Royal Mischief.†

* This line is, in most cases where it is used, given wrongly thus—

“ *Small* by degrees and beautifully less.”

† “ *The Royal Mischief*,” a Tragedy, was written by Mrs. Manley, authoress of “ *The Lost Lover*,” and other plays, all unknown on the modern stage.

Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.*

The Thief and the Cordelier. A Ballad.

Who breathes must suffer; and who thinks, must
mourn;

And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.

Solomon on the Vanity of the World.

Book III. Lines 240, 241.

BICKERSTAFF.

I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.

Love in a Village. Act I. Scene 3.

L E E.

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war.†

Alexander the Great. Act IV. Scene 1.

* This ballad does not appear in all editions of Prior's works. It is quoted here from a 12mo edition, entitled "Poems on several occasions by the late Matthew Prior, Esq., London. Printed for J. and R. Tonson and S. Draper and H. Lintot, 1754."

† It is a rare thing to hear this line correctly used. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," is the way we hear it generally given.

CONGREVE.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee,
thou liar of the first magnitude !

Love for Love. Act II. Scene 1.

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak ;
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

The Mourning Bride. Act 1. Scene 1.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd.

Ibid. Act III. Scene 1

HENRY CAREY.

Go, call a coach, and let a coach be called ;
And let the man that calls it be the caller ;
And in his calling, let him nothing call,
But coach, coach, coach ! Oh for a coach, ye gods !
Chrononhotonthologos, a Mock Heroic Play. Scene 5.

H O M E.

I found myself

As women wish to be who love their lords.

Douglas. Act 1. Scene 1.

K O T Z E B U E.

There is another and a better world.

*The Stranger. Act 1. Scene 1.**

C A N N I N G.

Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir.†

*The Friend of Humanity and the Knife Grinder,
from the Poetry of the Antijacobin.*

* "The Stranger," a play still popular on the stage, is a translation from the German of Kotzebue, by Benjamin Thompson.

† Southey's little poem "The Widow," is burlesqued in "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder." Canning is generally recognised as the author of it, as well as of "New Morality," from which the next quotation is taken ; some portions however of both were, it would

Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow ;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh, save me from the candid friend !

New Morality. From the Poetry of the Antijacobin.

A sudden thought strikes me.
Let us swear an eternal friendship.

The Rovers, in the Poetry of the Antijacobin.
Act 1. Scene 1. (See Note).

T U K E.

He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill,
To turn the current of a woman's will.

The Adventures of Five Hours. Act v.*

seem, written by his editorial coadjutors in the "Antijacobin." The reader desirous of further information is referred to the reprint of the "Antijacobin," a 12mo volume, ably edited by Mr. Charles Edmonds. "The Rovers," in Mr. Edmonds' amusing reprint, is recorded as a joint production of Canning and his literary helpmates, Frere, Gifford, and Ellis; it is a burlesque on the German dramatic school.

* This and the following extract are evidently the origin of the well known and constantly repeated lines, the

AARON HILL.

A woman will, or won't, depend on 't ;
 If she will do 't, she will, and there 's an end on 't ;
 But, if she wont—since safe and sound your trust is,
 Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.

Epilogue to his play of Zara.

BEATTIE.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove.

The Hermit.

authorship of which has occasioned so much discussion.
 The lines, as generally quoted, are thus—

“ That man 's a fool who tries by force or skill
 To stem the current of a woman's will ;
 For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't,
 And if she wont, she wont, and there's an end on 't.”

Sir Samuel Tuke's play has long sunk into oblivion ; it is an adaptation from the Spanish of Calderon. Tuke died in 1673. The Epilogue to Zara was spoken by Mrs. Clive. Hill wrote several other plays, but they have ceased to occupy a position on the stage. Shakspeare (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act 1. scene 3) has a line very similar to one of Hill's—Antonio, addressing Proteus, says—

“ My will is something sorted with his wish ;
 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;
 For what I will, I will, and there an end.”

KEATS.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness. *Endymion. Lines 1-3.*

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.*
Essay on Translated Verse.

GARRICK.

A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.
*Occasional Prologue, written and spoken by him
on Leaving the Stage, June 10, 1776.*

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us ?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us ?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books ?
Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks.
Epigram on Goldsmith's Poem Retaliation.

* Frequently attributed to Pope.

TICKELL.

There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe ;
There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Lines on the Death of Addison.

PETER PINDAR..

Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt ;
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.
Expostulatory Odes. Ode 15.

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down.*
Farewell Odes. Ode 3.

* The story of the country bumpkin who purchased razors "twelve for eighteen pence" of the peripatetic razor-seller, which were made to *sell*—not to shave, is familiar enough to render a more lengthy extract needless. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was Dr. Wolcot who wrote under the name of Peter Pindar.

D I B D I N.

There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Song. Poor Jack.

O T W A Y.

Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us.

Venice Preserved. Act 1. Scene 1.

Oh woman ! lovely woman ! nature made thee
To temper man ; we had been brutes without you ;
Angels are painted fair to look like you ;
There 's in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Ibid.

K A N E O ' H A R A.

When the judgment 's weak,
The prejudice is strong.

Midas. A Burletta. Act. 1. Scene 3.

S T E R N E.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."
Sentimental Journey. Line 1.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beer-sheba, and cry, "'T is all barren."
Sentimental Journey. In the Street. Calais.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.
Maria.

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.*

* A good deal of controversy has occurred on this line, the history of which is thus recorded in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (*Ætat.* 75, period 1784):—"Johnson was present when a tragedy was read, in which occurred this line—

'Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free.'

The company having admired it much, 'I cannot agree with you,' said Johnson; 'it might as well be said—

'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.'"

The tragedy alluded to was Henry Brooke's "*Gustavus Vasa*," the first edition of which contained the line—

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, in the preface to his recently

DEFOE.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there.*
The Trueborn Englishman. Lines 1, 2.

DENHAM.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.†
Cooper's Hill. Lines 188-191.

revised edition of Brooke's "Fool of Quality," says, "His (i.e. Johnson's) silly parody on a fine line in Gustavus—

' Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free,'
is well enough known ;

' Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,'
answered Johnson, laughing, he only knew why, at the sentiment."

* "No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by."—HERBERT'S *Jacula Prudentum*.

† An invocation to the river Thames.

S H E L L E Y.

How wonderful is death !
Death and his brother sleep !

Queen Mab. Lines 1, 2.

D Y E R.

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

Grongar Hill.

L O R D L Y T T L E T O N.

For his chaste muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre,
None but the noblest passions to inspire ;
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought ;
One line, which, dying, he could wish to blot.*

Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.

* These lines refer to Thomson, who, in addition to "The Seasons," wrote several plays, which, however, are seldom or never acted on the modern stage. The prologue, from which the above extract is made, was spoken by Quin the actor.

ANONYMOUS.

For he that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day.*

* The authorship of these repeatedly quoted lines is involved in a good deal of uncertainty. The popular voice assigns them to Butler's *Hudibras*; but they are not to be found in any extant edition of that work. Much disputation has taken place on the subject, and they have latterly, on good authority, been attributed to Sir John Mennis, who published a small volume, now very scarce, called "*Musarum Deliciæ*," and in this work Mr. Cunningham, in the first edition of his "*Hand Book of London*," says that they are to be found; but, in a subsequent edition of the "*Hand Book*" he speaks more doubtfully, and says that Mennis 'is said to have written them.' Lowndes also, in his "*Bibliographer's Manual*," says that they are in the "*Musarum Deliciæ*." Search has however been made in several copies of Sir John Mennis' little book, and the lines have not been traced. The matter is thus left in a state of incertitude, and the opinion expressed in a note at page 132 of this volume is entitled to some modification. Whoever was the author of the lines as they are quoted, it would seem that they are an adaptation from the Greek.



Addenda.

—ooo—

MILTON.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
Paradise Lost. Book iv. Lines 677, 678.

My latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight.
Ibid. Book v. Lines 18, 19.

O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works.
Ibid. Book ix. Lines 896, 897.

P O P E.

For I who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.*

Imitations of Horace.

Book II. Satire 2. Lines 159, 160.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

The Dunciad. Book IV. Line 188.

M O R T O N.

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise
indeed.

Cure for the Heartache. Act V. Scene 2.

See also Pope's Homer's Odyssey, Book 15 :—

“ Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.”





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